"CHEYENNE OR BUST"

June and July, 1985

Enos Hawkins
Merle Knope
Randy Ramsey
Wade Ray

"CHEYENNE OR BUST"

FOREWORD

This Journal is comprised of the daily log of a trip from Sparta, Illinois to Cheyenne, Wyoming. The trip was made in a small covered wagon pulled by a pair of mules. It has been the life-long dream of my uncle, Enos "Nuck" Hawkins. He and his wife, Pat, had hoped to make the trip together, however, she passed away in 1978. He was still determined to make the trip and continued making plans and finally, this spring he decided he was going. At the insistence of his children he took some friends along - Randy Ramsey, a 12-year old boy, Wade Ray and Merle Knope, two close friends. Wade Ray, however, was unable to make the complete trip and had to leave them in Hannibal, MO due to an earlier commitment. They left Sparta on May 31st. They had an adventurous time and made the trip just fine, not having any problems, only one flat tire on the wagon. The people they met along the way were very nice to them, many times providing them shelter for their wagon and mules.

Nuck is 67 years old and I think it is remarkable that a man his age could make this long of a trip but he is in good health and it was a dream come true for him. I enjoyed typing the journal for him and I did not change any of the context, only made minor corrections where I felt they were needed. He did a very good job of writing the Journal and everything written is his own description of the happenings along the way. I am sure Randy will have many stories to tell his friends as he has had a one-of-a-kind experience.

I hope everyone that reads the Journal will enjoy it as much as I did typing it for him. I only wish I could be as persistent in pursuing a dream. He made his dream come true and I am proud that he had such a wonderful time in doing so.

Connie Morgenthaler

"CHEYENNE OR BUST"

Friday, May 31, 1985

Left Dogwood Acres at 11:45 A.M. Had lots of company to see us off. The Post Dispatch (a St. Louis paper) sent a reporter and photographer down and they interviewed us about our trip. We also had Cleat and Melba Jung, Walt and Treasha Belski, Kurt Hille, Mike Laurent, Grace Ray, Jon, Jerry & Ruth Hawkins, Merle Knope and his family. I'll get their names later. We made real good time. Got to Don Ellridge's house 2 miles north of Venedy, about 30 miles from home, at 5:00 P.M. We have a good campsite. The mules are going real good. We have met some real nice people. John and Penny Scheffler, Betty and Mack McGuire. The dog, Sandy, is doing real good. Rides in the wagon with us. We had company till 11:00 P.M. I can't remember all of their names. Don Ellridge and his woman had us in for supper. They wouldn't take "no". Had roast pork and all the trimmings.

Saturday, June 1, 1985

Got started from Venedy at 8:00 A.M. Made real good time. It was cool and the mules done good. No problems. We made it to three miles south of Highland, about 27 miles. We stopped at a quarter horse farm and they just rolled out the red carpet for us. Good stall and a pen for Bonnie and Clyde. We went into Highland and got some steaks and these folks and us had a cook-out. Real good dinner. Phyllis Feldt and Marianne Kimbell fixed the dinner and it was real good. Arnie Feldt, the man that owns this farm, came home about 9:00 P.M. He had his kite up and wasn't feeling any pain but he was real nice to us. Visited till 11:00 P.M.

Sunday, June 2, 1985

It started raining about 5:30 A.M. so we just slept in. We were in the barn and just let it rain. We got up about 7:30 A.M. and fixed a good breakfast of ham and eggs. It stopped raining about 9:30 A.M. and we got loaded up and left at 10:45 A.M. Came thru Highland and got a Post Dispatch paper and read the story that Kathy Best had wrote about us. Also people would pass us and tell us they had seen our story. Bob Wolff, Mary Gwen and Allen's friend, was in Highland and he caught up with us. He had his three boys and some more kids with him so we stopped and visited with him awhile. It sure helps to have somebody along like Wade Ray because when we tell them who we are everybody remembers him from the radio and TV shows. Merle Knope is a real help. He goes ahead and finds us a campsite. He got us in the VFW picnic grounds this evening and it is a real good place. Has a pavilion with power and lights. It rained all around us today but just missed us,then after we got in this pavilion it just poured but has stopped now. We just got supper over. We had ham, potatoes and pinto beans. We are camped just out of Staunton, Illinois and will make it to Carlinville tomorrow if it isn't raining. If it is we will just stay here.

Monday, June 3, 1985

It rained off and on all night. We got up at 6:30 A.M. but it looked like it could rain anytime so we waited until 10:00 A.M. and it cleared up some so we pulled out and started. We met a lot of nice people. Everyone is interested in our trip. Met a man along the road and he is a mule man, has pair the same size as mine. I bannered him for a trade but couldn't do any good with him. I told him there is only

June 3, 1985 (continued)

three ways to trade - that's give boot, draw boot or swap even, no use making a hard job out of an easy one. He had a billy goat tied to a stump and that goat would jump and then fart, then he would fart and then jump. This kept going on and that man said, "Can you tell me what makes him do that". I said "I don't rightly know, I haven't figured out if the fartin' is making him jump or the jumpin' makes him fart." He wanted to swap me that goat for Sandy, my collie dog, but I couldn't hardly go on that as that dog is part of this caravan and it would break her heart to swap her for a goat that farts all the time. We got to Carlinville at 4:00 P.M., got a good campsite in the fairground and we started getting company, then a little later Herb Humphreys from Channel 4 News came out. Said he had read about us in the Post Dispatch and he wanted some of the action so he filmed a story for the 10:00 o'clock news and we went into town to a Honkytonk and watched it on T.V. Then when we got back there was a reporter from one of the local papers, he stayed until 11:00 P.M.

Tuesday, June 4, 1985

Well, it rained just about all night and still raining. It is now 10:30 A.M. and don't look like it is going to quit for a while so we might stay here today. We stayed here at Carlinville fairgrounds as it didn't quit raining. We have company almost all of the time. The mules are doing real good. This day's rest is good for them. Jerry Hawkins came by this afternoon on his way home from Springfield and visited for a while.

June 3, 1985 (continued)

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Wednesday, June 5, 1985

Well, we got up early, about 6:00 A.M. Weather doesn't look much better than yesterday so we will just play it by ear and see what happens. It stopped raining at 9:30 A.M. but still cloudy. We loaded up and got started at 10:30 A.M. We took Route 108 to Carrollton. Stopped at a meat packing plant about 10 miles out of Carlinville. They wanted to take some pictures and they gave us some fresh pork chops. We barbequed them for supper. We got to Carrollton at 4:30 P.M. and these people just rolled out the red carpet for us. Bonnie and Clyde are in a Holiday Inn - a big box stall with plenty of hay, grain and water. We are altering our route some, we are going to cross the Illinois river on the ferry and go up to Hannibal on Route 96. It looks like a good oil road and is about 12 miles shorter. I had the Vet come out and give Sandy a booster rabies shot as she needed that to cross the state lines. We have a real good campsite in the fairground. We are inside a good building and Pappy Ray is already in bed. We had a lot of company, a lot of people know Wade as he played this circuit just last summer. One couple just insisted on us coming into their house for breakfast so we are faring alright. It is about 10:30 P.M. so I think I'll turn in and hope for dry weather tomorrow.

Thursday, June 6, 1985

We pulled out at 8:30 A.M. Weather was cloudy. Went west on State 108 to the Illinois River and crossed on a ferry boat. That was quite an experience. Clyde sort of took a dim view of that but we overpowered him and put wagon, team and all right on there and across we went. I was real proud of Bonnie and Clyde. The ramp on the other side was very

June 6, 1985 (continued)

steep but they both got with it. They just had to scratch to get the wagon up the bank and I was really talking to them. Of course, I had an audience. I heard someone say "Just look at those little mules pull". There was a newspaper man there and he asked us a lot of questions about our trip. Then we started up towards Hannibal between the two rivers. Met lots more of nice people. We made about 35 miles then camped in the fairgrounds at Pleasant Hill. The Lions Club was meeting that evening and they invited us for dinner. Had a real good meal then I gave them a short talk on our trip. Also told them about the fartin' goat. Got to bed about 11:00 P.M.

Friday, June 7, 1985

We left Pleasant Hill at 10:00 A.M. Cloudy, but no rain. It is a very pretty drive up Route 96. Hog farms and grain and some cattle. Met some more nice people. Wade Ray's wife, Grace, met us about 3:30 just east of Hull, Illinois and we camped here in the City Park. Have a real nice campsite, a pavilion to keep the rain off. Some more nice people stopped by. A couple of farmers have offered to take our mules out to their farms and put them up but I am going to keep them here. I need to be close by in case they get sick. Jerry and Ruth got here about 8:30 P.M. They are staying at a Holiday Inn in Hannibal. They are going to stay until Sunday. I got a motel room here so Merle and I could take showers as we were getting a little rank. Got to bed about 12:30 A.M.

Saturday, June 8, 1985

Slept till 7:30 A.M. Jerry and Ruth brought doughnuts and I had coffee made when they got here. Mary Gwen and Allen and some friends of theirs got here about 10:00 A.M. and we are going to have a barbeque this evening. Had a lot of visitors today. We stayed here and didn't travel as Bonnie seems a little sore in the front shoulders. I have rubbed her with linament and she seems some better. J.B.and Vera Henry, some friends of Jerry's and mine came down and visited. Also, Merle Knope's wife and daughter and son-in-law, Gene Thornton came. They got a motel and they let me and Randy take a shower. Mary Gwen and Allen's friends are a real nice people. They are Carol and Doug. Also their two boys, Kevin and Brad.

Sunday, June 9, 1985

Doug fixed a real good breakfast this morning. Scrambled eggs and bacon and toast for us all then we began breaking camp. Got loaded up about 11:15 and pulled out at 12:00 noon headed for Hannibal. Carol and Brian and some kids from Hull rode in the wagon with me to a rest stop and then we made them get out and let some more ride then when we got to the Mississippi River Bridge I had Merle and Randy get in the wagon to cross the bridge. We drove thru downtown Hannibal. Everyone there was asking where Pappy Ray was as he had to leave us Friday to go to Houston Texas for an engagement down there but he is to join us later on the trail. Jerry and Ruth left to go home. When we left Hull, Mary Gwen and Allen and their friends came on out to our campsite at Bear Creek Acres, west of Hannibal, at Russell and Dorris Beatty's farm. Our company has all left and Merle is taking a nap. Randy is fishing.

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Doug fixed a real good breakfast this morning. Scrambled eggs and bacon and toast for us all then we began breaking camp. Got loaded up about 11:15 and pulled out at 12:00 noon headed for Hannibal. Carol and Brian and some kids from Bull rode in the wagon with me to a rest stop and then we made them get out and let some more ride then when we got to the Mississippi River Bridge I had Merle and Randy get in the wagon to cross the bridge. We drove thru downtown Hannibal. Everyone there was asking where Pappy Ray was as he had to leave us Friday to go to Houston Texas for an engagement down there but he is to join us later on the trail. Jerry and Ruth left to go home. When we left Bull, Mary Gwen and Allen and their friends came on out to our campsite at Bear Creek Acres, west of Hannibal, at Russell and Dorris Beatty's farm. Our company has all left and Merle is taking a nap. Randy is fishing.

June 9, 1985 (continued)

Mary Gwen and those friends fixed a real big lunch about 4:00 P.M. of leftovers so we didn't need to fix anything for supper. It is about 7:00 P.M. and we are turning in early for a big day tomorrow. Bonnie and Clyde are in a small lot with plenty of oats and hay. Oh yes, something I forgot to write about Saturday. Mike and Cris Laurent came up and brought us a CB radio and put it in our wagon and I talked to the truckers today while on the road.

Monday, June 10, 1985

Got up early and got on the road at 8:00 A.M. Made 34 miles. Camped in fairgrounds at Shelbina, Missouri. A good campsite. I had a flat tire on the wagon about five miles before we got here. Merle came back and brought a can of fix flat and we made it on in and then took the tire to a station and got it fixed. We went to the grocery store and got supplies. We had camp stew for supper. It was real good. I have the mules tied out eating grass. I'll have to keep them tied up tonight as there isn't any pens to turn them loose in. Randy has a campfire going. He will probably be up half the night as he got in the back of the wagon and slept most of the way today but I laid the rules down this evening - no more sleeping on the job. He crawled all over our equipment and supplies till it looked like the wagon bed had been stirred with a paddle and I said that shit has got to stop.

Tuesday, June 11, 1985

Left Shelbina Fairgrounds at 9:00 A.M. Hadn't gotten very far and it started to rain. We stopped at a big diesel repair shop and that man was so nice. He moved a truck to make a place inside for our wagon and mules. It didn't rain very long and we got on the road in about half an hour. We stopped at 12:30. Merle met us and we ate lunch and watered Bonnie and Clyde and then moved out. Made it to Macon, Missouri about three and some man told us about this camp ground so we got here at 4:00 P.M. A real nice place with hot showers and a pavilion to camp in and tie our mules right beside us. Bonnie and Clyde are doing good. I don't think they have lost any weight and no sore shoulders or neck, no swelling of the legs. I believe they are toughened up enough to make the trip. We are about 120 miles from St. Joseph, Missouri which is about 100 miles shy of half-way so we are pretty well on target and having a hell of a time along the way. Haven't encountered anymore goat men but haven't been looking for any as I have got attached to Sandy very much and have no hankering to trade her off. Randy and Merle have gone to bed and I am ready to turn in, too.

Wednesday, June 12, 1985

Well, it rained off and on all night and got very cool, down to 51, was still cloudy and cool but we pulled out anyway. Got started at 8:45 A.M. Not too much happened today except talking to the truckers on the CB. My CB is working real good. I just ride along and listen to them talk about that covered wagon with those little mules going to Cheyenne and then I break in and say "Yep, that's right" and they get a big kick out of me having a CB. I don't get to talk to any one man long as they

June 12, 1985 (continued)

get out of range very quick. We are camped in the fairgrounds at Brookfield, Missouri, a little over halfway across Missouri. A good place to camp. A pen for Bonnie and Clyde and have the wagon in a pole shed. We went into town and got some steaks and just had a feast. Randy is sure having a time and is doing real good. He helps take care of the mules and Sandy, the collie dog. That sure is a good dog. She sleeps right beside my bed and follows me every move that I make. Bonnie and Clyde are going real good. No problems at all.

Thursday, June 13, 1985

Got started at 9:00 A.M. Weather clear and cool. Bonnie and Clyde seem to be tiring out pretty much so I have cut the distance down to 25 miles a day instead of 30. Bonnie slipped on some oil and fell down today. Really had me worried for a while. She skinned her legs in a few places but nothing serious. I stopped and treated her right there and came on and I treated her again when we got here. Randy rode in the truck with Merle until noon and then got in the wagon. Merle got us a good place to camp - at a sale barn. Plenty of stalls and a pen for the mules. We have them fed, watered and they are in good shape this morning. Old Clyde was horny and Randy said "Look, Clyde has the hammer down" but he forgot all about that when we put the harness on. We are going to a restaurant to eat tonight and not cook anything. A reporter from the Los Angeles, California Times stopped today and took some notes and pictures so we are getting a lot of ink everywhere. We are camped in Chillicothe, Missouri, about 75 miles east of St. Joseph, Missouri, about three days from the Kansas line. We sure are enjoying this trip

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much more than I expected and we expect to be in St. Joe Sunday right on target.

Friday, June 14, 1985

We got up early, 5:30 A.M. Ate breakfast in a real good restaurant. Had sausage, eggs and potatoes, got on the road at 9:15. Made it to Hamilton about 2:30. Got a good campsite in another sale barn. J. C. Penney (the clothing store man) built this barn and it is a dandy. Bonnie and Clyde are in another Holiday Inn. J.C.Penney, Inc. doesn't own it now. Another man by the name of Henry does. He is really nice to us, just rolled out the red carpet. They raise brangus cattle here - that is a cross between angus and brahma. Boy, this sure is pretty country. Rolling hills and rivers. Real cattle country. They also raise a lot of hay. Sandy, the collie dog, sure is a pal. Stays right beside me all the time and never bothers a thing.

Saturday, June 15, 1985

Got started at 8:45 A.M. Came thru Hamilton and met a man that had a pair of ponies. He wanted me to see them. I had a hard time getting away but while there I talked him out of a pair of cotton collar pads as the ones I was using on Bonnie and Clyde was made out of felt and felt is very hot on their necks. Merle and Randy caught up with me about 1:00 P.M. and we ate lunch and gave the mules some water then came on to Stewartsville. Got here about 3:00 P.M. Camped in the City Park. We are about 20 miles from St. Joseph, Missouri. We will cross into Kansas tomorrow. Randy wrote his Mom a letter tonight. I hope he didn't tell

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June 15, 1985 (continued)

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Sunday, June 16, 1985

Got started early about 8:30 A.M. Made real good time. Randy and Merle went on ahead and were going to the Museum and Jesse James house. Also the Pony Express Stable but they were all closed and Randy was disappointed. I told him there will be plenty more to see. I made real good time. Got to the bridge about 12:00 Noon. Didn't have any problems crossing the bridge. Traffic was pretty heavy but no problems. Went on into Kansas and stopped at a little town by the name of Wathena. Camped in a little City Park. Some real nice people nearby came over and just couldn't do enough for us. A woman from the T.V. station came out and did a tape about our trip and it was to be on the air at 10:00 P.M. that night but they didn't show it as the weather and the national news took all the time. We went to those people's house to see it but nothing happened. We went back to camp. No more than got there when the storm hit and almost blowed us away and we headed back to those people's house. It was only about 200 feet but we were soaked and the wind was about 60 miles per hour. Randy kept hollering "got to go back and get Sandy". I says "to hell with Sandy, come on in here before you get blowed away. Sandy is tied up and she will be alright as the chain will hold her" and sure enough, she was. Those people gathered up some clothes for us to put on and then dried ours in their dryer. After the storm we started gathering up our camp equipment as it was scattered all

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June 16, 1985 (continued)

over the park and sopping wet but we never lost anything and everything dried out the next day so we all got thru alright. We gathered up enough dry bed clothes to sleep on. Got to bed about 12:30 A.M.

Monday, June 17, 1985

Got started late today, about 11:00 A.M. but made good time and got about 26 miles to a county State lake between Highland and Hiawatha, Kansas. A real nice place to camp and I am cooking a pot of beans and fried potatoes. We got in touch with a horse shoer and he is coming out to change the shoes on Bonnie and Clyde as the horse shoe borum has worn down pretty much and the mules are beginning to slip on the pavement and I don't want to take any chances of them getting injured as that would put us out of business. Randy is sure having a time. Has been fishing ever since we got here. Hasn't caught anything yet. I told him to be sure and spit on the hook but he thinks I am pulling his leg.

Wednesday, June 18, 1985

Got an early start this morning, about 8:30 A.M. I took a short cut that would save about 2 miles but it was a mistake as it was all hills, up and down for ten miles. Just about wore my mules out. Got into Hiawatha, Kansas about noon. A reporter and a policeman met us at the city limits and asked us a lot of questions for their paper. Then the policeman escorted us thru town and at the other side of town there was another reporter and more questions and pictures. We ate a hamburger and on the way again. Camped just west of Shebetha Junction. A real nice place and the man that owns the ranch just rolled out the red

June 18, 1985 (continued)

carpet and a neighbor of his brought cup cakes and a freezer of home-made ice cream. Also brought us a bale of hay. We had a real good shed to camp in and plenty of water, also a corral for Bonnie and Clyde.

Wednesday, June 19, 1985

Got started late as we had company this morning and just couldn't hardly get away. We made it to Beattie, Kansas, about 33 miles. Bonnie and Clyde was pretty tired. We are getting into a lot of flat country where they raise a lot of wheat and it is a lot easier on the miles. We are camped at a cattle ranch, a good place. The man opened up his machine shed for us and we are inside, wagon and all. The mules are in the corral with plenty of good hay and mixed grain and we are getting ready to eat supper. We are having beans and fried potatoes. The rancher, Mr. Bernard Runnebaum,(that sounds like a good Irish name, Ha!) came and visited us till bedtime and he is a real nice guy, has raised 13 children and had two to die in infancy. A windstorm had hit one of his sons' farm Sunday night and tore up some of his out-buildings and all of the neighbors were there putting the roof back on the barn. He also told us if the weather was bad to stay there as long as we wanted to.

Thursday, June 20, 1985

We got a late start this morning. Left at 10:30, made 28 miles, are camped 10 miles east of Washington, Kansas at a cattle ranch. Bonnie and Clyde are loose in the corral with plenty of good hay and oats, they are doing real good, not losing any weight and no sore places

June 18, 1985 (continued)

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June 20, 1985 (continued)

on them. This old boy where we are staying had his kite up on some snakebite medicine and backed his truck into Merle's truck and bent the door. I don't know how much damage but just made us all sick. There is a truck stop about a mile back down the road so we went there and gased Merle's truck up and took a shower. That is something that I miss - not getting a shower every night but we are having so much fun that I just don't think about it. We grilled some club steaks this evening and had baked potatoes. Sure was good. I just got thru checking the mules. They are doing OK. Merle and Randy are already in bed so I am going soon.

Friday, June 21, 1985

We got started at 9:00 A.M. Had a few hills but not bad. Bonnie had a little sore neck on top yesterday so I treated it last evening and then again this morning. I put a different pad on and it is OK now. The mules are doing real good. They wasn't very tired this afternoon when we stopped and are not losing any weight at all. Of course, we pamper them very much. I am up no less than 2 times at night to see that they have plenty of feed and fresh water and to see they don't have any colic. We are camped at a cattle ranch at a fellow's house by the name of Bill Keller, a real nice man. He is widowed, has been 8 years. Has two children, they are married and have families. He got up in his barn and picked around till he found the best hay he had for the mules and it really is good, and opened up his garage for us to camp in. We have met so many nice people that it is just unbelievable. We are having white beans and fried potatoes for supper and he is going to eat

June 21, 1985 (continued)

with us. Randy is doing real good and having a ball. He has been a lot of help with the mules and Sandy, the dog. Sandy is a real pal, sleeps right beside my bed and follows me everywhere I go. She rides in the wagon all the time and is no trouble at all. There is a reporter meeting us in every town and the dog and mules steal all the show, but that's OK as they are contributing their share to this trip. Bonnie gets tired before Clyde but Clyde is on the traffic side and those motorcycles and bicycles keep him woke up all the time. He doesn't mind those 18 wheelers but a bicycle drives him nuts but I have a good bit in his mouth so he fears me more than the bicycles.

Saturday, June 22, 1985

Well, we are 50 miles past the half-way mark and everybody tells me that road is much leveler than what we have came over. We made 31 miles today and got a good campsite on a private lake with a shelter and picnic tables and they didn't charge us anything for staying here. Randy is having himself a time swimming. I won't have to worry about him getting a shower tonight. Merle and I just had a cold-cut sandwich. We ate a good meal at noon, had pizza and a good salad so cold cuts is it for supper. I have the mules fed and watered so Merle and I are just relaxing. The people that own this place are hog farmers. They sell about two thousand hogs a year and farm hay and grain. Their name are Andy and Esther Thompson. They have a son named Joe and they just rolled out the red carpet for us. Came down and visited with us till bedtime and then they asked us to come by the house for breakfast in the morning so I couldn't resist as I know what a farm breakfast is like so

June 21, 1985 (continued)

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June 22, 1985 (continued)

we took them up. Randy was a bit shy about that but he had no choice as Merle and me out-voted him.

Sunday, June 23, 1985

Well, we went by the Thompson's and had breakfast and it was just like I had anticipated - pancakes, bacon, eggs, orange juice and good fresh butter. Randy was a little shy but Merle and I ate like farm hands and was it ever tasty. They have a lovely home just about one year old and I won't try to say what it is worth but it is a mansion. We got on the road about 9:30 A.M. and made 34 miles. Camped at a grain farmer's house. He also runs a couple hundred cattle. He and his family were real nice to us, put us in a big machine shed, wagon and all, and put Bonnie and Clyde in the Corral with a nice barn and we hadn't more than got in there when a storm started coming up and it rained about 1¼" and also hailed like hell. I sure felt sorry for the farmer as he was combining wheat and that storm halted that but he told us this morning that his damage was minimal, just delayed his work for one day. I forgot to mention this farmer's name which is Greg Thummel. He has a one thousand acre farm which he and his boys farm. He has three boys and a girl. Two of the boys and the girl are in school yet. One older boy still at home. They were so nice to us and asked us to stop on the way back. It has been just fantastic how nice the people are out here. Oh, something I haven't mentioned yet is we accumulate a dog every once in a while. I had thought the dogs had forgot about following a wagon off but they haven't. Every once in a while we pass a farm and there we gain another dog. Some of them we can chase back but

June 23, 1985 (continued)

some of them stay with us. We keep Sandy in the wagon as them wagon dogs are bad to fight and I think too much of Sandy to let some stray dog chew her up. The other night an old gyp dog had five pups with her and we didn't have any gunny sack empty but the next day I gave all the oats we had in a sack to the mules and found some bricks and the next river we came to I reduced the dog population. Randy took a dim view of that but I had to do something. One good thing about all of those dogs. They took care of a lot of our garbage problem.

Monday, June 24, 1985

We got started at 8:30 this morning. Stopped in Smith Center, Kansas and got supplies at a supermarket then Randy got in the truck with Merle and they went ahead to find a campsite and while I was by myself I saw three pheasants and four jack rabbits and Randy just about had a fit because he didn't seem them. The weather is getting hot and drier everyday. I stop and water Bonnie and Clyde and Sandy about every 3 or 3½ hours as the humidity is very low and they need water often. Bonnie and Clyde are as though as a whale bone. They don't get tired so much anymore and everybody comments on how good they look after all of the traveling. We are camped in a nice little park at a little town by the name of Kenningston, Kansas and have the mules just across the road in a little pasture with plenty of prairie grass, brom hay and oats and fresh water so that is a Holiday Inn for them. We didn't have very much company tonight - a couple of women about 35 years old. They stayed for a while so I told them they would have to take a number and wait their turn so it wasn't long before they left. (Ha!). There is a building

June 23, 1985 (continued)

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June 24, 1985 (continued)

made out of rock and is a good shelter from the wind. A lady from town came and unlocked it for us to camp in and it is real nice and clean. Has electric lights and city water.

Tuesday, June 25, 1985

We made about 26 miles today. The mules wasn't very tired but a cloud was gathering and we had a chance to camp at this wheat farmer's and he said we could put our mules in his corral and the wagon in a big machine shed so we took him up on that. This man's name is Ehshart Merklein. His grandfather was a German immigrant and Homesteaded quite a lot of land and he donated the land for this little town when the railroad came through. The town is named after a city in Germany where he came from - Stuttgart. They are real nice to us. My battery for my CB was getting low and he says "Well, we can fix that. Right here is a charger" and helped me hook it up. We just opened a can of beans and had some cheese and crackers for supper and it is now time to check the mules to see that they are OK and got plenty of feed and then hit the sack.

Wednesday, June 26, 1985

We got a late start today as it looked very much like rain and had rained in the night but we started about 11:00 A.M. Made it to Norton, Kansas, about 24 miles. Camped in the fairgrounds, a real nice place and good and clean. The mules had a big pen to rest in. We also had showers and plush toilets. The people were real nice, as always. The police patrolled all night long. A reporter met us as soon as we got to

June 26, 1985 (continued)

town and took pictures and asked questions. The mules, Sandy and all of us have learned how to pose. (Ha!) We went out for supper. Had a real good meal and turned in to bed.

Thursday, June 27, 1985

Got started at 9:30. Couldn't get away any earlier as we had visitors all morning and more of them when we went thru town. It was very cool today. I had long johns on and a heavy jacket and still got cold all day. We traveled 33 miles, a little more than I wanted to go but it was that far to the next town, which has a fairgrounds. It is Oberlain, Kansas. This fairground is real nice, has plush toilets and showers. The TV people came out and done a news clip. They interviewed us all three and Randy got stage fright but he done real good. Then we went into town to one of the Fair Board member's house and watched it on their TV then came back to camp. This fairground is full of those combine contractors that combine wheat. They couldn't cut because they had a big rain the day before. They were waiting for it to get dry enough to cut. They start down in Oklahoma and work all the way up into Canada by the time the season ends. It has been a sight to see about four of those 22 foot combines cutting across a field, one right behind the other. Everyone said before we left, "Boy, that will be long grind across Kansas", but it hasn't been boring at all, not near as desolate as I had imagined. We have enjoyed every day of it. The weather has really cooperated with us. The rain and hail storms seems to happen in the evening around 4:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. and we have managed to be under a machine shed every time as we have camped for the night.

June 26, 1985 (continued)

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Friday, June 28, 1985

We got away pretty early, about 8:30 A.M. Made it to Atwood, Kansas 33 miles and quite a lot of hills. The mules got pretty tired. We got a good place to camp. We are in a 4-H fairground under a big shed and a good pen for the mules. Had quite a lot of company. One fellow I had talked to on the highway about some hay and he brought me a bale. Wouldn't take any money for it. These small towns are few and far between but they are clean and the people are real nice to us. Nothing much happened today so I think I'll turn in.

Saturday, June 29, 1985

Got started early, about 8:00 A.M. as we had 28 miles to get to Bird City, Kansas. Got in here about 2:00 P.M. Got a good place to camp, in a barn and small corral for the mules. Went out to eat and then to the swimming pool and got showers. One shoe on Clyde is about worn out but I have some extra ones so I'll have to put that on tomorrow but I think I'll wait until we get to St. Frances as I plan on staying there a few days and let the mules rest up some, and Mary Gwen, my daughter and her family are coming to visit us and spend a few days with us. It is only 14 miles from here to St. Frances and Bonnie and Clyde need a few days rest. I was worried some about Sandy, the dog, yesterday as she wasn't eating very much but I guess it might have been the altitude or something but she is OK today and Randy takes real good care of her. It looks like we might get some rain but we are OK inside this barn. Well, the storm is coming in but just wind, not much rain.

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Sunday, June 30, 1985

We slept late this morning. Didn't get started until 10:30 but we weren't in any hurry as it is only 14 miles to St. Frances and they have a nice fairground. We were stopped quite a few times by people along the road wanting to take pictures. One fellow gave me the phone number of a horseshoer so instead of doing it myself I am going to have him come and shoe both mules all around and that should take care of them the rest of the trip. Those mules sure have done good on this trip. Still haven't lost much weight and not sore anywhere. They have toughened up till you couldn't kill them with a silver bullet. They are loose in the rodeo area with plenty of fresh water, grain and good hay and they were running and playing awhile ago. Merle's daughter, Sue and her husband, Gene Thornton and family, got here about 5:00 P.M. We were downtown eating supper and they came along and seen Merle's truck. We had a good visit with them. They got a motel and have gone to it. It is getting cloudy and looks like another storm but we have everything tied down and are under a good fairground shed. The wind blowed heavy up until midnight but didn't rain much.

Monday, July 1, 1985

Mary Gwen, Amy, Allen and Doug and Carol Biggers and son Kevin got here about 10:30 A.M. Gene and Sue Thornton and family came out earlier and we had a big breakfast, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, then they left for the mountains. Had a real good visit with them. When Mary Gwen and all got here we had another visit. I borrowed a battery charger from Lyle Ewing, the man across the road from us, and when we went in his shop to get it Sandy went in and laid down. Well, we went

July 1, 1985 (continued)

out and shut the door and then about one hour later we missed her and the whole bunch of us hunted all over the fairground and had the police and half the town alerted looking for her and then Lyle Ewing's wife happened to think about the shop and there she was. Boy, everybody was happy, especially Randy. He was fit to be tied thinking something could have happened to her.

Tuesday, July 2, 1985

We got the horse shoer to come this morning and shoe Bonnie and Clyde. When he got here he had a buddy and they both started on the mules. I could tell right away that they knew what they were doing. The shoes that they had on were worn out completely so they said, "We'll just make some for them", and they got their forge out and started and if I've ever seen professional horse shoers, they were it. Old Clyde started giving the one fellow a bad time so I just got ahold of his ear and twisted it right good and he changed his mind right away. The other fellow was shoeing Bonnie with no trouble at all and she usually is the one to give us trouble and I mentioned that and he said Clyde just don't like the looks of him and he said, "I don't think he looks too good myself", (Ha Ha!), but they got the job done and a good job at that and then I went to town and got a haircut and the barber gave me a quart of home made wine and I tipped Merle off and he went and got a haircut and he got a quarter of wine. If we keep going like that maybe we can sell a few quarts. Lyle Ewing came by and took me to look at a appaloosa mule and his horses. He owns about 10 or 12 head and they are scattered over about a ten mile area as he owns land all over the

July 1, 1985 (continued)

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July 2, 1985 (continued)

country. Boy, this is horse and mule country. There is almost as many mules as horses. They use them for riding mostly, but almost all of the people my age really like Bonnie and Clyde as they have worked them on the farm. This evening there was some people in the rodeo arena working pleasure horses and boy, they had some good ones.

Wednesday, July 3, 1985

We got loaded and started at 9:00 A.M. Had company to see us off. I drove thru downtown and it was like a mini-parade. Everybody was out to see us off. That two days rest done Bonnie and Clyde a lot of good. They were kicking up their heels this morning and wanted to run off but they got that out of their system soon. We made it to Hagler, Nebraska at 2:30, 24 miles, and are camped in the city park. We have the mules in a corral and are under a nice pavilion with our camp. We had a visit awhile ago and he just stayed till bed time. His name is Abbie something. I don't know what his last name is. I wouldn't say he is retarded but the gears are not meshing, just about one brick shy of a load, but otherwise alright. Some more of his family came by and I'll be damned the whole bunch is squirrelly. One of them had some hickory nuts in his pocket to gnaw on. It was hot as hell this afternoon but has cooled off some now. We just got thru supper. I made some hobo stew and the whole bunch just loved it. Mary Gwen and Carol are cleaning up the dishes. Me and Doug went to feed the mules and, of course, Abbie had to go along. I was getting low on grain and Abbie said, "Just go by the feed store." I says, "Why, shit, they won't be open" as it was about 8:30 then but we went by anyhow and sure enough

July 2, 1985 (continued)

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July 3, 1985 (continued)

they were open and we got the feed.

Thursday, July 4, 1985

We started out at 8:30. It was nice and cool. We came to Wray, Colorado, about 17 miles. Yesterday, an old man and woman stopped us on the road for a visit. I asked him about a place to camp near Wray. He said, "I live about 1 mile east of Wray and you sure are welcome to camp at my place." So I stopped today and he was crabby as hell. Didn't want us to have a fire and weeds were growed up around the barn waist high and no place to set our wagon the lee side of a building and I would have had to patch the corral before turning the mules loose, so I said I believe we better drive a little farther and pulled out. We hadn't went more than a mile and found this place. Lloyd Ringelman, Olive Creek Ranch, is his name and he is real nice. Moved his tractor out of the shed so we could put the wagon in and has a nice corral for the mules and then took me about 4 miles out to his son-in-laws place and got me some hay. Wouldn't take any money for it. He said, "Suppose I came by your house and ate dinner with you and then tried to pay (you) for it. You would say, Hell no. Well that's the same for your mules. I can't charge you for feed for them." Mary Gwen and all of them got a motel and Merle's son and his wife showed up and they had a motel so we all got showers and Mary Gwen sent to the laundromat and washed up all of our dirty clothes and then we went out to eat. Then came back to the motel and sit on the parking lot and watched the fire works display. It was real good, then me and Merle went back to the wagon and slept there. Oh, something I forgot this afternoon we came back to check on the mules

July 3, 1965 (continued)

they were open and we got the feed.

Thursday, July 4, 1965

We started out at 8:30. It was nice and cool. We came to Wray, Colorado, about 17 miles. Yesterday, an old man and woman stopped us on the road for a visit. I asked him about a place to camp near Wray. He said, "I live about 1 mile east of Wray and you sure are welcome to camp at my place." So I stopped today and he was crabby as hell. Didn't want us to have a fire and weeds were growed up around the barn water high and no place to set our wagon the lee side of a building and I would have had to patch the corral before turning the mules loose, so I said I believe we better drive a little farther and pulled out. We hadn't went more than a mile and found this place. Lloyd Klingelman, Olive Creek Ranch, is his name and he is real nice. Moves his tractor out of the shed so we could put the wagon in and has a nice corral for the mules and then took me about 4 miles out to his son-in-laws place and got me some hay. Wouldn't take any money for it. He said, "Suppose I came by your house and ate dinner with you and then tried to pay (you) for it. You would say, Hell no. Well that's the same for your mules. I can't charge you for feed for them." Mary Owen and all of them got a motel and Merle's son and his wife showed up and they had a motel so we all got showers and Mary Owen sent to the laundromat and washed up all of our dirty clothes and then we went out to eat. Then came back to the motel and sit on the parking lot and watched the fire works display. It was real good, then me and Merle went back to the wagon and slept there. Oh, something I forgot this afternoon we came back to check on the mules

July 4, 1985 (continued)

and they were out. Merle and his family came back ahead of us and they and the rancher were chasing them with a pickup truck and they were really wild. I just told them to stop and let me take over. I just walked over where Clyde could see and hear me and just talked to him sorta kind and he walked right up to me and I just let Bonnie follow and I led them right back. There had been a small walk-thru gate left open and old Clyde checked that out as soon as I left him. When I turn them loose they always walk the fence to see if there is any holes to get out.

Friday, July 5, 1985

We got up early. Merle's son, Glen, and wife came out and had coffee with us and then Mary Gwen and Allen came and picked me up and we went and had breakfast, then we loaded up and took a lot more pictures and then Mary Gwen and all of them started home and we started again for Cheyenne. Got to Yuma, Colorado about 3:00 P.M. On the way some women and kids came along and stopped for pictures. I told them that Merle was waiting for us about 2 miles ahead and we were going to have a peanut butter sandwich for lunch so they went on up there where he was and told him they would fix lunch for us and they came back with ham sandwiches and all the trimmings. Randy got a big kick out of that. He said, "Enos, how come you said you're tired of peanut butter sandwiches. We haven't had them for a week." I said how the hell you going to promote ham sandwiches any other way. Well, then he thought that was a pretty slick trick. After lunch I let two of their kids ride in the wagon with us for about five miles and then the women came and picked

July 5, 1985 (continued)

them up. We made it to Yuma about 4:00 P.M. A report from the Denver Post stopped us and took some pictures and then said he would come to the fairgrounds and do a story and when he came we found out he was also a disk jockey on the local radio station and he taped an interview with us and then said our story would be in the Sunday paper and then we listened to the interview this morning while we were packing up to leave. He was saying to us all morning between records, like "Hey, Enos, Merle and Randy, it's time to harness up."

Saturday, July 6, 1985

We got to Akron, Colorado about 3:00 P.M. Camped in the fairground. We are under a pavilion and the mules are in good stalls. We went into town and rented a motel to get a shower as we were beginning to get kind of funky and then went out to eat. Had a real good meal and then rubbed the mules down good with linament. They really appreciated it, too and then we went to bed. It was pretty hot today, around 100° but out here when the sun goes down it usually cools off. This fairground is really nice and clean but they keep everything locked up. They had to unlock the front gate for us to get in. I told Merle I believe we are in the wrong place. I said "Are you sure this is not the state prison?" I haven't seen so many locks since I visited Menard Prison (Ha!) but I guess that's the reason it is so clean and nice.

Sunday, July 7, 1985

We got started about 8:30. Made it to Brush, Colorado about 2:00 P.M. Couldn't get in the fairground as it was locked up but there was a

July 5, 1985 (continued)

then up. We made it to Yuma about 4:00 P.M. A report from the Denver Post stopped us and took some pictures and then said he would come to the fairgrounds and do a story and when he came we found out he was also a disk jockey on the local radio station and he taped an interview with us and then said our story would be in the Sunday paper and then we listened to the interview this morning while we were packing up to leave. He was saying to us all morning between records, like "Hey, Chos, Merle and Randy, it's time to harness up."

Saturday, July 6, 1985

We got to Akron, Colorado about 3:00 P.M. Camped in the fairground. We are under a pavilion and the mules are in good stalls. We went into town and rented a motel to get a shower as we were beginning to get kind of funky and then went out to eat. Had a real good meal and then rubbed the mules down good with liniment. They really appreciated it, too and then we went to bed. It was pretty hot today, around 100° but out here when the sun goes down it usually cools off. This fairground is really nice and clean but they keep everything locked up. They had to unlock the front gate for us to get in. I told Merle I believe we are in the wrong place. I said "Are you sure this is not the state prison?" I haven't seen so many locks since I visited Canard Prison (Ha!) but I guess that's the reason it is so clean and nice.

Sunday, July 7, 1985

We got started about 8:30. Made it to Brush, Colorado about 2:00 P.M. Couldn't get in the fairground as it was locked up but there was a

July 7, 1985 (continued)

nice city park with a swimming pool which suited Randy. He was in it all afternoon. About half the kids in there was Indians. I told Randy to be careful because we don't have room for an Indian lass in the wagon but he got real chummy with one of them but Merle and I pried him loose and went to a Mexican restaurant and eat. The food was real good. Today while coming down the road Randy said to me, "What is that noise?" and I listened and it was a rattle snake just plain as could be. I couldn't get the wagon stopped very soon as we were going down a hill. I wanted to kill it and get the rattles for Randy to take home. We had a good many visitors this evening and didn't get to bed very early.

Monday, July 8, 1985

Got on the road at 9:00 A.M. Hadn't gone but a few miles when a reporter from Fort Morgan stopped us and took some pictures and then met us again in town and interviewed us pretty thoroughly. Said they would do a story in today's paper. We got a sandwich and headed north out of Fort Morgan on Route 52. Sorta a shortcut towards Cheyenne. We came about 10 miles and stopped at a ranch to camp. I haven't got this man's name yet as he left shortly after we got here. We are camped right beside his bunkhouse for his cowboys. We have the mules in his catch pen just across the road with plenty of water, hay and grain. This is really the wild west as there isn't another ranchhouse for seven miles either way. The rancher told me to open the gate and let the mules out to graze. I asked him how big that pasture was. He says 480 acres. I said I believe I'll just feed them hay as I want to be in Cheyenne for the Frontier Days which is about 2 weeks from now and if I turn them

July 8, 1985 (continued)

mules loose, it will take that long to catch them. He said I got a good roping horse but I believe after a good night's rest Old Clyde would show us a good time in that 480 acres of open prairie. (Ha!). While coming today, Randy had got in the back of the wagon with Sandy and right there on the road someone had run over a big rattle snake so I said, "Randy, here is where we will get you some rattles." I took the ax off back of the wagon and finished killing it and cut the rattles off. Randy said, "That's the first rattle snake I have ever seen." He also said, "I sure have seen a lot of firsts, such as coyotes and prairie dogs, pheasants and jack rabbits." We have some steaks to charcoal for supper. Randy says that'll sure be good snacking. Ha Ha! We had our steaks but had to fry them in a skillet as it was so dry we were afraid to have an open fire as it might catch the grass on fire and they are having a lot of grass fires out here. Didn't get supper over till about 9:00 P.M.

Tuesday, July 9, 1985

We made 27 miles today and camped in an abandoned town, Buckingham, Colorado. Only one family still lives here and they told us at one time there was about 150 families here. We are camped in their barnyard. A good space for the mules and a shed for us to get in in case of rain. We trimmed the mules up good with my clippers as there is electric power here in the barn and checked their shoes. Hopefully, they will last until we get to Cheyenne as we are only about 75 miles from there now. This sure is desolate prairie. The ranchers are at least 8 miles apart and the towns 20 or 30 miles but we haven't had any hardships at all.

July 9, 1985 (continued)

We carry 12 gallons of water and water the mules every 4 hours. They drink about 2½ gallons apiece. We only have to water them one time a day on the road as we only drive them 5 or 6 hours a day. We had stew and beans for supper. Randy didn't like beans when we left but we soon broke him in on them. Merle and I decided that we would just have beans and nothing else till Randy came up to the lick log and the second day he tried them and now all he wants is beans. Today me and Randy was coming along and there in a corral was a cowboy and a woman loading some broncs in a truck and those broncs were really salty. They had one in the truck and another one got loose from the woman and they were trying to catch him. That horse really was snorty but that cowboy had a larriot all coiled up so that bronc didn't have very much of a chance.

Wednesday, July 10, 1985

Got on the road about 8:30 and seen 7 jack rabbits. Randy just had a fit. I said, "I'll wait for you if you want to chase one down and catch him" but he has gotten wise to my bullshit. He said, "I'll hold the mules and you catch him." We made about 25 miles. We are only about 50 miles from Cheyenne. Tomorrow we will make it to Keith Mahan's and that is 28 miles from Cheyenne. We are camped at a 15,000 acre cattle and wheat ranch. We are in a shed and the mules are in a small corral. It has been very hot this afternoon. It gets hot about 12 noon and then about 5 or 6 in the evening it cools off and the wind starts to blow and then usually calms down about dark. The rancher's son took us out where his dad and brother was combining wheat and Randy got some pictures of those big combines. This ranch is the Roland Ball spread

July 9, 1965 (continued)

We carry 12 gallons of water and water the mules every 4 hours. They drink about 25 gallons apiece. We only have to water them one time a day on the road as we only drive them 5 or 6 hours a day. We had stew and beans for supper. Randy didn't like beans when we left but we soon broke him in on them. Merle and I decided that we would just have beans and nothing else till Randy came up to the 11ct jog and the second day he tried them and now all he wants is beans. Today we and Randy was coming along and there in a corral was a cowboy and a woman loading some broncs in a truck and those broncs were really salty. They had one in the truck and another one got loose from the woman and they were trying to catch him. That horse really was snorty but that cowboy had a barrel all coiled up so that bronc didn't have very much of a chance.

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July 10, 1985 (continued)

and boy is it a spread. The boy took us on a tour in his 4 wheeler and checked the water tanks. They use windmills to pump the water. In one place they have a huge mill and a big storage tank 40 feet in diameter and 6 feet deep and it is on top of a big hill with pipes coming out underground to other tanks, some of them a mile or two away. By doing that the cattle will spread out and not just stay around that one tank and kill the grass. Then after we got supper over the father took us on another tour. He has some Texas Long Horn Cattle and he is cross breeding them. He sure has a good breeding program and still works his cattle with horses such as branding and casterating the bull calves. They brand everything, even their horses. He keeps about 25 head of cow horses and the boys do a little rodeoing. They have a small arena right there on the ranch to practice in.

Thursday, July 11, 1985

We got started about 9:00 A.M. Randy rode in the truck with Merle and they waited for me about 10 miles down the road. I told Randy if he didn't ride with me I was going to tell everybody that he just rode in the wagon thru the towns so he could get his picture in the paper and he got in the wagon and stayed there the rest of the day. Keith Mahan and Wilma, his wife, met us about 5 miles from their place and directed us to their farm. We got here about 2:30 P.M. and Wilma had lunch fixed for us and the boys were fixing a corral for the mules. Keith sure has a nice family and nice hog farm. It is one of those modern operations. I checked the shoes on the mules and they are worn out so Keith got hold of a horse shoer and he is coming in the morning to take care of them.

July 10, 1985 (continued)

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July 11, 1985 (continued)

They have a shower and stool down in the barn so we all showered up and Wilma had us gather up our dirty clothes and she washed all of them for us and then cooked us a big supper with smoked ham and all the trimmings. We have really had a good visit with them. They just can't do enough for us. We plan to stay here until Sunday and then move on about halfway and camp one more night and get into Cheyenne on Monday, the 15th of July.

Friday, July 12, 1985

Wilma fixed us a big breakfast - sausage, eggs, gravy and hash brown potatoes. Keith is taking us up in the mountains today. He is doing his chores and book work now. We went up to Estes Park and Rocky Mountain National Park, me, Merle, Randy, Keith and his boy, Patrick. He is 13 years old and he and Randy get along just fine and boy was it a fine trip. Just like having a professional guide as Keith has been up there so much he knows those mountains like the palm of his hand. I have been up there a number of times but I seen more today than all of the other trips put together and Randy was just spellbound. We took a lot of pictures of Elk and deer, even seen an eagle. Keith took us up the backroads and showed us the ski slope where his boys ski in the wintertime, then we came back down Thompson Canyon where the flood was in 1976 and seen some of the damage it done.

Saturday, July 13, 1985

We got shoes put on Bonnie and Clyde early this morning. I didn't have their hind feet shod as we only have 35 more miles to go and it is

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mostly oil roads which isn't very hard on their feet. We plan on going about 20 miles tomorrow, which is Sunday and then camp one more night on the road and then on into Cheyenne Monday. I have arrangements made to put the mules up out at the University. I also called the parade committee but I don't know yet if we can get in the parade after that episode down at Greeley on the 4th of July there that team in that parade bolted right into the crowd and injured all of those people. There were 12 of them hurt and a couple of them critically. They have gotten very peculiar about who they let in and I can't say I blame them much. To me there just isn't any excuse for letting a team do something like that. Those horses are supposed to be broke and under control at all times.

Sunday, July 14, 1985

We got started about 9:00 A.M. Had a good many visitors to see us off. One of Keith's boys, Patrick, is going with us and stay a few days up at Cheyenne. He is 13 years old and he and Randy get along good. We camped at a ranch near Lockport, Colorado at Ken and Eddie Yates ranch and they are the nicest people. Just couldn't do enough for us. Cleared their tack room out for us to get in and invited us for supper but we had already gotten food at a restaurant. Down from the house there was 4 appaloosa mares and a stallion. Three of the mares had colts so I slipped down there and got some pictures and that stud was just like a wild one. He stayed between me and those mares all the time and then when I got too near he herded them on up towards the canyon.

July 13, 1985 (continued)

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Monday, July 15, 1985

Eddie and Ken had us in for breakfast and it was a typical cowboy breakfast - ham, eggs, fried potatoes and cinnamon rolls and I can't remember what all but we left there with full stomachs. Ken decided to saddle his mare up and ride with us on to Cheyenne but after about 7 or 8 miles his mare went lame and he had to turn back. We got into Cheyenne at 12:00 noon and went out to the Community College. Bob Boyd, who is in charge of the agriculture out here, had arrangements made for us to keep the mules here and stay here with them. He is originally from Coulterville, he and his wife both and they are the nicest people, just can't do enough for us. They have come back out a couple of times to see that everything is OK with us. The news media is coming out at 9:00 A.M. in the morning to interview us.

Tuesday, July 16, 1985

The rest of the crew slept in till about 8:30 but I was up at 6:30 as Clyde and Bonnie was hollering for breakfast so I made coffee and had a doughnut then straightened the camp up some. The TV crew came out at 9:00 A.M. shop. I had the mules groomed and the harness on so we hitched them up and they took some pictures and interviewed us about our trip and said it would be showed on the 5:30 news. I have done a little politicing about getting in the parade so I called the committee again today and made some headway. I went out this evening and met with all of them and they told me everything is OK when they get my insurance verified and then one of the committee women came out and wanted to see my outfit and she was really impressed.

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Wednesday, July 17, 1985

Jerry and Ruth got here about 10:00 A.M. and we had a lot of visiting to catch up on and then went up to the rodeo grounds and then to a laundromat. Jerry and Ruth wanted to go up to the Rocky Mt. National Park but I decided to go along and let Merle watch the mules and dog. We left about 5:00 P.M. Got to Estes Park about 7:30 and did some site seeing, then to eat and a motel. It was the first time I had slept other than in a campsite since the 30th of May and I slept like a log.

Thursday, July 18, 1985

We got up early, had breakfast and headed for the mountains. We went all the way over the divide and down to a little town, Grand Lake. Done some site seeing and rented a boat and went out on the lake. This town is on the bank of a small mountain lake which is beautiful. Had lunch in a restaurant on the bank of a river then headed back to Estes Park. After dinner Ruth went shopping. Didn't buy anything but she was shopping anyway. About 7:30 Jerry and me went to a rodeo at the fairgrounds. It was a really good one, too.

Friday, July 19, 1985

Got back to Cheyenne about 10:00 A.M. It has been raining all morning. Maybe it will clear up this afternoon. We have had a lot of company. People want to see our wagon and mules as well as hear about our trip. Ruth and Jerry took the truck and went site seeing, to town and the laundromat. It started raining about noon and rained all afternoon. It stopped for awhile, about 4:30, and I harnessed up the mules and worked them for awhile so Clyde would get the wire edge off for the

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July 19, 1985 (continued)

parade tomorrow, then J. B. Henry and wife, Vera and Jerry and Ruth came by and I went to eat with them. Randy got back from Keith Mahan's and I asked their boy Patrick to stay the night and ride in the parade with us.

Saturday, July 20, 1985

I got up at 6:00 A.M. as the parade starts at 9:00 A.M. and I have about 4 miles to drive the miles to get there. Had a good time at the parade. That parade is next to the Rose Bowl in size and prestige and we sure got a good welcome to it. Came back to camp and Randy and I went to the rodeo. It was the first rodeo that Randy had ever seen and they had some really rank bulls and broncs. Really had a good time then we came back to camp and fed the mules and Sandy then back to the rodeo to see the chuck wagon races and the Roy Clark show. It was really good races and all.

Sunday, July 21, 1985

Slept till 8:00 A.M. this morning, cleaned up around camp and called Jon Hawkins to see how things are going with him at home. Me and Randy are going to eat then the laundromat and out to the museum and then the carnival. Went to the night show tonight to see the Oak Ridge Boys Band and the Chuck Wagon Races. Ran into Merle and his family and Leland McConkey and wife. Had a good visit with them. The chuck wagon races was real good.

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Monday, July 22, 1985

Went to pancake breakfast downtown. It was real good. All free and all you can eat. They have a country western band to entertain while you eat. Back to camp and it started to rain and rained almost all day. I wanted to work the mules before the parade in the morning as I hadn't hitched them up since Saturday when we went in the parade. It finally quit raining for about one hour and I got that done and it started to rain again and rained off and on all night but had stopped by morning.

Tuesday, July 23, 1985

I got up at 6:00 A.M. and got the mules all groomed and harnessed for the parade. Got Randy up which is always a chore and went in the parade. Seen a good many people that we had seen on the way out here. Keith Mahan and family came up and after the parade I took their daughter and daughter-in-law in the wagon to ride back to the college where we are camped. Got about half way back and the rear axle broke on my wagon. I thought, Boy, that would have been embarrassing if that had happened in the parade. I had forgotten to mention that yesterday I had bought a little flatbed two-wheel trailer to haul my wagon back on with the mules in the truck. There was some people parked at a supermarket there where I broke down and they were real eager to help. I tied the mules up and they took me back to the camp to get my truck and trailer, then Keith Mahan and Merle came back with me and we loaded the wagon on the trailer and the mules in the truck and came on back to camp. The Rodeo Committee wanted me to stay and go in two more parades but I was getting anxious to get home and that breakdown was reason enough for me

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July 23, 1985 (continued)

start home as I knew it was a long haul to get those mules and wagon home so I decided to start home Wednesday, July 24th. I buckled the wagon down good on the trailer and started packing my camp equipment in the wagon and saying goodbye to all of the people at the college where I was camped. It was kinda sad to leave as all of those people had been so nice to us.

Wednesday, July 24, 1985

Went into town and had breakfast with Merle and his family and then they came back to camp to help me finish loading up then they left. They were going up in the Rocky Mountain National Park for a few days. Randy and I got away at 12:00 noon. Made it to St. Frances, Kansas. We stopped at the same place where we had camped on the way out. We left our mules at Lyle Ewing's place. He had a good corral for them and we had another good visit with him and his family. HIs son, Butch, is an auctioneer and also does team roping and raises paint horses. Randy has been trying to spin a larriot rope ever since we left home so Butch gave him some lessons and he was beginning to get the drift of it by the time we left, then we went and got a motel room and some food and soda as I haven't got Randy quite filled up yet on Pepsi Cola. We also left Sandy, the collie dog, with Lyle Ewing and he took care of her along with the mules.

Thursday, July 25, 1985

We left St. Frances, Kansas at 10:00 A.M. and started across Kansas to St. Joseph, Missouri and it is a long grind as St. Frances is only 13 miles from the Colorado line and it is 400 mile across to St. Joe. We made it to Hiawatha about 45 miles from St. Joe. Left the mules at Art Sears farm right at the edge of town. He raises Arabian horses and was real nice to us. Couldn't do enough. He and I had a lot in common as he was raised on a farm and had worked mules and horses quite a lot. In fact, he was breaking a two-year old filly to work the buggy when we got there and breaking horses and mules is my thing, too. Then we got us a motel room and I called the reporter that had done a story on us on the way out and Randy and me went and had dinner and took her and her daughter with us. I don't know if she will do another story or not but I wouldn't mind doing a story with her as she is a cute little trick and widowed to boot. Hiawatha, Kansas is a long way to go for a little wooing and besides with my age and my looks if I do any wooing with the women there is only one of two ways I can do it - either spend a lot of money or wait until after dark.

Friday, July 26, 1985

We got away at 10:00 A.M. Made it to Hannibal, Missouri. We stopped in St. Joseph, Missouri and I took Randy to the Old Hotel Museum and the house where Jesse James was killed. Randy was really impressed with all of that. Then we hit the road again. We stopped at Bear Creek Ranch just west of Hannibal and put the mules up there. Russell Beattie and his wife were so nice and wanted to know all about our trip as we had camped there on the way out. Got a motel and Randy

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July 26, 1985 (continued)

cartoons, I went out and ate and brought Randy a pizza back to the motel then I went back to check on the mules and Sandy. I had left her with the mules as they are cranky about pets in a motel.

Saturday, July 27, 1985

Got the mules loaded and on the road again about 9:30. Came back the same route in Illinois as we had went. Crossed the ferry boat again and ate lunch in Carlinville. While in the restaurant we seen some of the Fair Board members that had let us camp in their fairground on the way out. Had a good visit with them. They wanted to know all about our trip, then on the road again - the last leg of our trip. We stopped at Arnie and Phyllis Feldt's quarter horse farm to thank them for letting us camp there. They were glad to see us and we had a hard time getting away. We got home about 4:30 P.M. Jon Hawkins was here to greet us. Bonnie and Clyde was plenty glad to see Dogwood Acres and Ginger just made over them like they were long lost babies. They all three just run and kicked their heels up. The boys, Jon and Scotty Hawkins, had done a very good job of taking care of Dogwood Acres. It looked real nice.

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July 27, 1985 (continued)

Well, I bring this trip to a close and it has been the Granddaddy of them all. I enjoyed it much more than I had anticipated and it was a real big accomplishment. We made the national news and all of the newspapers between here and Cheyenne, Wyoming and the best part was all of the nice people we met along the way. A bale of hay would last the mules about 2½ days and I only bought one bale on the trip. The rest was all donated by ranchers and horse people, and the people would move machinery out of their machine sheds to get us in out of the rain and hail storms. They were just fantastic and now I must start planning another trip as those trips are so enjoyable that I just can't wait to get started on another one, maybe go a different direction the next time, I don't know yet.

Enos "Nuck" Hawkins